

The World

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THE THEATRICAL SEASON.

With Daniel Frohman back from abroad and Charles on the high seas returning, with a cargo of actresses arriving on every steamer and from the occasional sight of a leading man on Broadway—by these signs we know that the theatrical season, seemingly only just ended, is about to begin again. August rehearsals bring September openings.

What kind of season is it to be, neurotic or pastoral? Mr. Frohman is bringing with him "the largest list of attractions" he has ever had, and not until its contents are fully made public shall we definitely know. From the presence on the list of "Dante" and Sardon's "Sorcerers" and from the scheduled reappearance of "Everyman" the inference is legitimate that an element of mysticism will be prominent.

Has Mr. Frohman any problem plays in his trunks, anything at which the critics may rage for its eroticism and the public imagine a vain thing? It is to be supposed that all the master workmen of the playwriting guild in England have submitted their wares, "shown their goods" for the manager's inspection. Has Mr. Pinero produced another "Mrs. Tanguer" or a second "Iris"? Will there be any more furniture throwing? What are Mr. Jones and Mr. Haddon Chambers offering for our selection? The unpacking of the manager's luggage will be of rare interest.

This fall will witness the opening, if building operations have not been too long delayed, of as many new playhouses as the city could boast all told, old and new, a generation ago. The Drury Lane, the Hudson, the Lyric, the New Amsterdam, the Lyceum, with others like the Royal and the Liberty to follow—the erection of "temples of the drama" keeps pace with the increase of palatial hotels and apartment-houses and restaurants. And the wonder grows at the source of the audiences that are to fill them.

But the certainty is there that they will be filled, and the newest theatre will be as likely as the old to have standing room only. The public favor does not seem to remain faithful to one house, as in the Daly or Palmer or Madison Square days. It flits from foyer to foyer and rather likes the novelty of change. Yet with all its fickleness the crowd holds true to its favorites.

IDEAS FROM ABROAD.

"What have we to do with abroad?" To answer the contemptuous query frankly: A good deal in the matter of getting suggestions for the improvement of our municipal government.

Major Piper, who led the way in the adoption of foreign processes, took a trip to London to study the police regulations of that city. Of the extent to which his visit has advantaged New York by the resultant better handling of street traffic by the police the public is well aware. Next came Major Ebsen's vacation trip to Berlin, and the precedent thus established has been followed by Commissioner Hawkes, ex-Secretary Lamb, of the Municipal Art Society; Deputy Customs Surveyor Bishop and others. Without attempting to exhibit in detail the innovations they have introduced or recommended as a result of their investigations of European methods, the appended tabular resume is prepared to give an idea of the scope of the improvements suggested:

By Deputy Commissioner Piper on returning from London:	New regulations for the better handling of vehicular traffic at congested corners. An improvement in the adjustment of policemen's belts.
By Deputy Commissioner Ebsen, on returning from Berlin:	Minor regulations regarding street traffic, and public expression of his approval of the manner in which the Exchequer laws are enforced in Berlin. Praise of Berlin's "police school."
By Commissioner Hawkes:	Suggestion for a public promenade on the new pier of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. A Copenhagen and Antwerp idea.
By Ex-Secretary Lamb, of the Municipal Art Society, on his return from Germany:	Suggestions in line with his discovery that "German cities are advancing in attention to the decoration of parks, squares, stations and subways after a fashion that puts our great cities to the blush."
By Deputy Customs Surveyor Bishop, returning from tour of France and Switzerland:	Some recommendations for changes in the methods of examining ocean passengers' baggage, so that the traveller will be treated with more of the courtesy and decency shown him abroad.

Adding to these innovations from abroad the new "isles of safety," a Paris idea, and remembering our obligations to Europe in the matter of the "White Wings," we must frankly confess ourselves greatly indebted to the effete monarchies for modern methods in municipal government.

The example set by the city's department heads is an excellent one. Could it not be imitated with advantage by our judges in learning how the British administer justice with such expedition and impartiality? Would it not be a great gain for the public to have the pawnshops, the banks of the poor, under government control, as in Europe? Are there not many other "foreign notions" in government awaiting the inspection of the visiting official from America?

AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS.

The automobile in which Mrs. Adelaide Hawley was killed had a guaranteed speed of a mile a minute. At the time of the accident the chauffeur had blown down to "about twenty miles an hour." That is to say, he was proceeding along a well-travelled boulevard at a rate of speed approaching that of some suburban trains.

Given an amateur engineer driving his private locomotive along under such conditions is greater wonder to be felt that an accident happens or that it is avoided?

When chauffeurs are accorded all the praise justly due them for the skill and intelligence with which they guide their ponderous touring cars and the precautions they take to avoid mishaps, there remains as an ever-present danger the liability to loss of control or of failure of eye or hand to act in the moment of emergency.

The element of human fallibility which is held accountable for so many apparently inexplicable railway accidents exists in larger measure with the chauffeur than with the engineer.

TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.

EX-SHERIFF "TOM" DUNN, at the Democratic Club a few evenings ago, told this story of the late Police Justice Duffy: Duffy, while visiting an on-State jail, saw a prisoner who had a rat in his possession. The Magistrate said: "Ah, you have a pet, I see." "Yes," said the convict, "I feed him every day. I think more of that rat than any other living creature."

James Hazen Hyde, Vice-President and chief stockholder in a New York life insurance society, is said to be elected for the position of Ambassador to France. Mr. Hyde has devoted a great deal of time to training himself for the place named. His warmest friend abroad is President Loubet, and he is perhaps better known among Parisians than any other American.

Charles Steckler was recently visiting a friend whose children are very fond of him. His host's little daughter was sitting on his knee. She had a little brother, whom she regarded with wonder. "I know a man," said Steckler, "who would give a whole roomful of gold for your little brother. Will you sell him?" The child shook her head.

"But," said Steckler, "think of how many nice things a roomful of gold would buy! Don't you think that you had better let the man have him?" "No," answered the girl, thoughtfully, "I'll keep him till he's older; he'll be worth more then."

"Big Jim" Kennedy was in Pittsburgh during the recent Epworth League convention there. Falling into conversation with a boy who wore a ribbon which Kennedy thought was the Epworth emblem, the big fellow asked: "Do you root for the Epworth League?" "Epworth nothin'!" retorted the youngster. "De National fer mine!"

Park Commissioners Wilcox, Eustis and Young have gone abroad to learn how parks are made beautiful in Europe. In Greater New York there are, according to the commissioners, 6,822,357 acres of parks, with the Bronx having the most extensive system, no less than 3,895,500 acres. In Manhattan are 1,415,200 acres, and in Brooklyn 1,025,575, while Queens has 550,642 and Richmond 2,740. There are about 60 miles of parkways, streets and avenues under the jurisdiction of the Park Department of New York. Most remarkable fact of all, Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, the largest of the cultivated pleasure grounds, has not one "Keep off the grass" sign.

Laurie Abe Levy has a friend who during his days of prosperity never evinced any especial ability. The man suddenly lost his fortune and was forced to work for a living. He at once developed remarkable business keenness.

"I never knew I had any smartness till I went broke," he said the other day to Levy.

"No," assented the little lawyer. "A lot of men are like razors. No one knows how sharp either can become until they're strapped."

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Where Does the "Bun" Come From?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Can any reader tell what is the origin of the expression, "He has a bun on," referring to an intoxicated man?
JAGGERS.

The Coin Puzzle Again.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am not satisfied with "C. T. L.'s" answer to "A. B. C.'s" query in reference to the tossed coin. The coin being an open or a closed one would make no difference with the principle involved. If the coin is tossed up by one riding in an open car it will still fall nearly if not quite into the hand that tossed it. The answer is this: The car, the tosser and the coin are all travelling sixty miles an hour. The coin has the same motion, horizontally, as the car, and will keep that motion unless prevented by some outside force or resistance.

The tosser gives an impulse to the coin which, acting alone, would send it perpendicularly to the roof of the car. That is, if the car were standing still. As the car and coin are moving horizontally the coin must move in a direction which is the resultant of the two forces acting upon it at the same time. Consequently the coin does not move, either horizontally or perpendicularly, but rises and falls in oblique lines.

Clyde Finch.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Who dramatized "Sapho" for Olga Netherstole? Are black and white colors? S. M. Black and White Are Not Colors.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Are black and white colors? C. G. A Row with a Conductor.

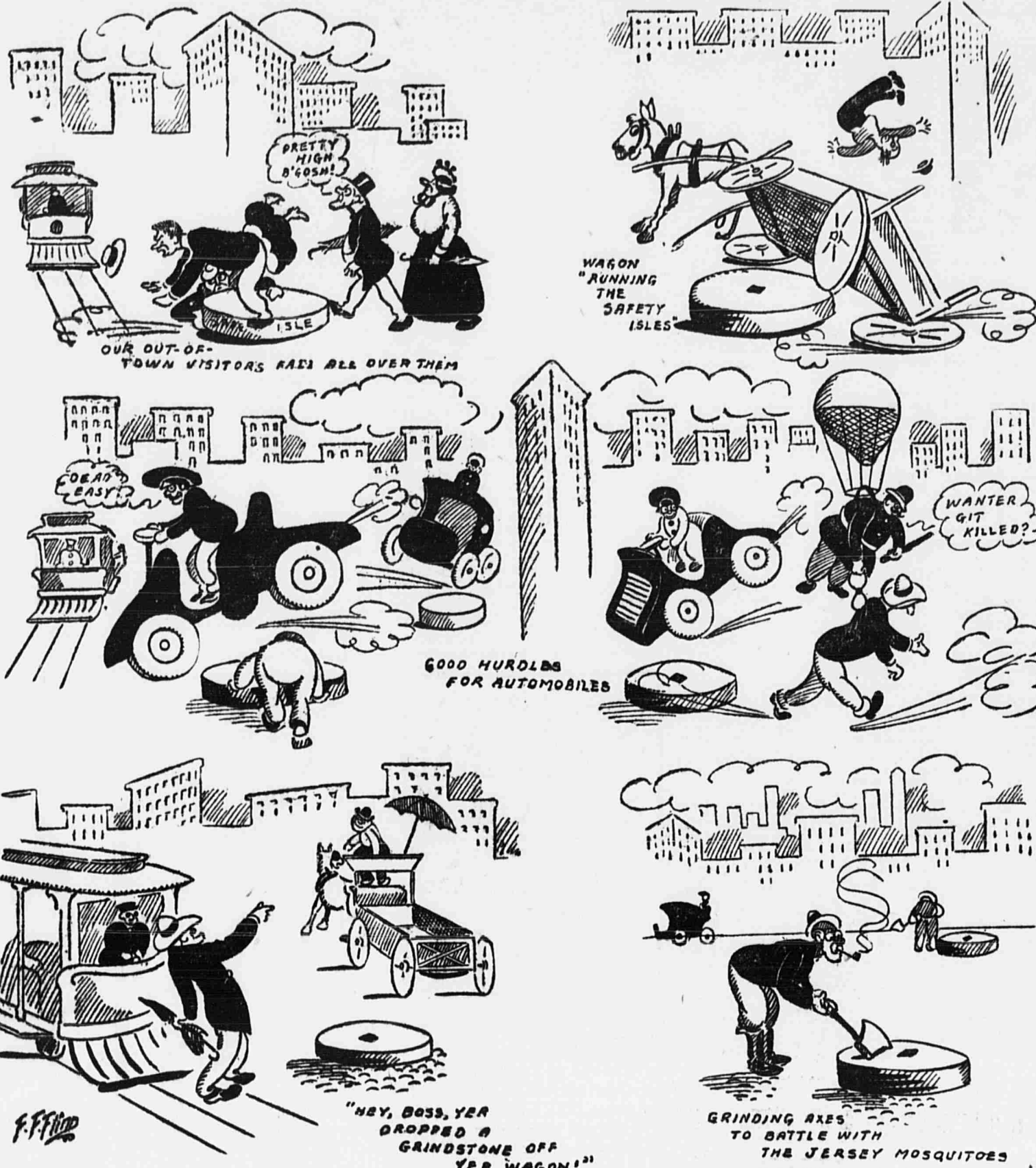
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I jumped on a car of the Brooklyn R. T. immediately the conductor rang up the fare, and before I was fairly seated took up my transfer. A moment later I turned to the conductor and asked him if the car was going toward a certain street. He replied: "No! You are going in the wrong direction." I then requested the return of my fare, which he peremptorily refused, on the plea that it was rung up. Taking this as a clear case of imposition, I protested earnestly. One word led to another and we had quite an angry discussion, he trying to intimidate me by calling a policeman to arrest me. Finally, when I attempted to get on his car again he refused, with angry threats, to allow me to board.

A. B. L.
Runs from No. 134 Washington Place Westward to North River.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A says that Barrow Street, New York, commences at West Fourth street and ends at West street. B says it commences at Greenwich avenue and ends at West street. Which is right?
J. C. C. S.

Butter Scotch.
Three cupsful of white sugar, half a teaspoonful of cream tartar, a teaspoonful of butter and eight drops of extract of lemon. Boil without stirring till it will snap and break. Just before taking from the fire add a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, pour into well buttered biscuit tins a quarter of an inch thick. Mark out into inch squares when partly cold.

HOW THE ISLES OF SAFETY BELIED THEIR NAME.



The "Isles of Safety" have been removed. They were grindstone-like obstructions over which cabs, autos, horses and pedestrians stumbled. Their object was to afford people security from vehicles, but countless scraped shins attested their qualities as pitfalls.

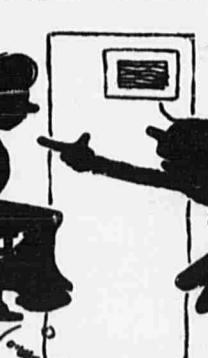
From those sombre grindstone highlands (meant to serve as safety islands) Sounded crashings and wild smashings and the raucous hurry call; While with language far from proper worthy people "came a cropper," And the good old Summer time beheld full many an "early Fall."

NO WAY OF PROVING IT.



Stranger—I suppose the fish you catch yourself taste better than any others?
Fishiegh—Well—er—don't know. I never have caught any yet.

TIMELY ADVICE.



Clarence—So you refuse me! Well, I'm going right straight off to hang myself!
Clara—Now, don't you go and use my hammock rope, 'cause it's the third I've had to buy this season!

WELL PLEASED.



Lady—You say your last mistress told you that she was pleased with you?
Applicant—Yes, mum. She was real pleased when I left.

FOOL QUESTION.



Husband—That youngest child of Blank's talks all the time.
Wife—Indeed! Is it a boy or a girl?
Husband—Oh, fudge! Didn't I just say it talks all the time?

HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a horse's stall larger when he is in than when he is out? There are four feet added to it.
Beech, Birch and maple, all begin with A.W.
Why is a naughty boy like a postage stamp? One you lick with a stick, the other you stick with a lick.
What are girls hired in a watch factory for? To make faces.
What has only one foot? A stocking.
How many black beans will it take to make five white ones? Five, if they are peeled.
Why is spring a dangerous season? Because the trees shoot, the flowers have pistols and the bull rush is out (bullrushes out).
Constantinople is a very hard word; can you pronounce it? Answer—It.
Twenty sheep upon a gap; twenty more on top of that; six and seven, twice eleven; three and two, how much is that? Answer—Five.
Which is the slipperiest tree to climb? The slippery elm.

BUTTER SCOTCH.

Three cupsful of white sugar, half a teaspoonful of cream tartar, a teaspoonful of butter and eight drops of extract of lemon. Boil without stirring till it will snap and break. Just before taking from the fire add a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, pour into well buttered biscuit tins a quarter of an inch thick. Mark out into inch squares when partly cold.

MONOGRAMMED CITIES.

Each of these monograms contains all some well-known American city. The letters which spell the name of first is Boston. What are the rest?

A PUZZLE FOR YOUTHFUL "FANS."

BASE-BALLS TERMS CAN YOU GUESS THEM

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

HIS BRIGHT THOUGHT.
They stood in the darkness, hand in hand, looking out into the night.
"Dearest," said she, sadly, "what does it make you think as you look out into the blackest space?"
"Why, you know," said he, smiling thoughtfully down at her, "I always think that with so much space there ought to be room enough for everybody."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

DEFINED.
"What is your idea of a popular tune?"
"A popular tune," said the man who takes music seriously, "is one that gets to be universally disliked."—*Washington Star.*

NARROWLY ESCAPED.
"There hasn't no use in yer tellin' me you're one o' them Kansas sufferers," grunted old Knutt.
"Well, I would a been of I hadn't lit out of Kansas mighty suddint," said Easton Jogsalong, the newcomer. "They was about to run me in fur a Garret hand."—*Chicago Tribune.*

NOT FOR HIM.
"You think you can win the case?" said the client, inquiringly.
"Oh, I'm sure of it," answered the lawyer.
"And get damages for me?"
"Not for you," corrected the honest lawyer. "I'll get damages all right, but by the time I get them they'll be due me for services rendered."—*Chicago Post.*

THE WINNING OF A BET.

And How a Generous Gotham Public Helped Along the Good Work.

It was a new suit. At least, Spogg said it was a quiet suit. He had bought it. He ought to have known. McSwatt worked at the next desk. He said it was not a quiet suit. He said it was a noisy, blatant suit. A suit such as sportsmen wear to dog fights.

And words whizzed wozzily between Spogg's desk and McSwatt's desk.

And at last money was flashed. Real money. Five dollars of it a side, in microbic paper bills. And that is what is called a bet.

For Spogg bet \$5 he could walk down Park Row from City Hall to Fulton street and back up Nassau street without his nice quiet suit causing any pedestrian to pause and gaze. And from that McSwatt should know it was a nice, quiet suit. And the \$5 should be Spogg's. All Spogg's.

And McSwatt said that the multitude would regard that suit as of greater interest than their daily toll. And that they would stop and emulate the rubber foundry. And that the \$5 should be forward the McSwatt bank account.

And each put up \$5. And Spogg started on his walk. And McSwatt went along to see fair play. And eighteen other industrious men stole half an hour of their good, kind employer's time and went along too.

And by the time Spogg had walked two blocks, \$4,761.250 people had hung their chins on the stern-posts of their shoulders. And gazed backward at that suit. And grinned. And of the 12,873,648 speeches that were made, here are one or two least worth remembering:

"I lose."

"It's lucky trolley cars don't shy."

"Whatever it cost, you lose."

"Nice new suit. Guess you was out of town when it was fitted."

"Sounded like a subway explosion when I was a block off."

"Well, well, well! All the clothes that's fit to wear."

And other rude speeches. And at the end of three blocks Spogg was skipping about leeryly. And he gasped:

"I lose."

And he paid. And he went home in a cab. With the blinds pulled down.

And when he got home he took off the coat. And across the back of it was pinned a neat sign. And on the sign were words. And the words were:

"PLEASE HELP ME TO WIN A BET BY SAYING SOMETHING PLEASANT ABOUT MY NEW SUIT."

A. P. T.

BOYS, PLEASE DON'T—

Pronounce a girl slow just because she is not a hoiden. How about the way you are treated when a girl leaves you in the lurch. Forget that a girl's hand is easily hurt when you take hold of it. Talk in a boastful way of your "rough-house" doings. Imagine that you must always appear as a comedian. Snore at women when she points out the mistakes you are making, as the Philadelphia Bulletin. Show a spirit of independence that partakes of impudence. Imagine it makes you appear important to boast of engaging in sharp practices. Throw away an opportunity of doing a good turn for a friend. Assume the supercilious smile of a man who knows it all.

LEO XIII.

THE pale shard and frail of a great spirit
Slumbers peacefully in the Vatican.
The sympathetic heart that throbb'd for joy
When God showered blessings on the nations
And that writhed in pain when catastrophes
Crept o'er the people, is forever stilled.
The dark, grim vault of death may lock its jaws
And hide from mortal view his tender smile;
The benediction-giving arm may soon
Resolve itself to dust from whence it came;
The great mind may no more flash decisions
To subtle, awe-struck diplomats of earth;
But the Pontiff lives in the hearts of men
And still aways in a ponderous silence.
No human comet ever shot through life
And left a purer, brighter trail than he.
His perihelion reached unto God.
His long life was as a perpetual
Sunbeam, flickering notes of God-like deeds.
Oh! Kings and Emperors, and who blaze
Your gifts to suffering humanity
O'er all the world—behold ye of this man,
Whose thousand unrecorded charities,
If placed beside your tawdry lamps, would quench
Their flames as rain upon the burning pine.
The sweetest note of his grand symphony
That pulsed around the world to lowly men
And great will echo Credo! I believe!
Great Ghratfar of liberality!
Disciple of religious harmony!
Fond intercessor for the infidel!
Thy favored nation mourns thy spirit's flight.
Intercede, we pray, with Him who called thee
That we may hear when judgment comes to us
The loved benediction that He gave to
Thee—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"
WILLIAM LAWTON CURTIN.

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.



(J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., who has come here from London on a ship week's vacation.)
Children! Next Morgan, Jr., scores
A pedestalic hit.
He's papa's hard-worked namesake son.
Dears, if we only had his "mon,"
Would we have worked as he has done,
Or would we just have waded of fun
And hustled not a bit?